

On a Common Commute

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The alarm clock sounds steadily, cruelly, summoning you to stand on your feet, requiring you to get dressed and, if you are lucky enough, have breakfast before setting off to work. A new week has begun and you are ready to confront it with your best face (or so you think) before you turn on the television to be bombarded with the devastating report that the subways are going on strike and the buses you take every day have been delayed due to a 'major repair' of one of Buenos Aires' longest and most central avenues. That piece of bitter news is more than enough to sour' your whole day, and start thinking about how the heck you will continue to be the responsible model of human being you have always been and get to work or to College on time. Like Descartes and his 'methodical doubt,' you begin questioning yourself about your misfortune and hyperbolic bad luck.

Thou shalt not worry, you are not alone. You are part of a big angry community which is used to confronting the pretentious adventure of arriving on time. People getting moody is a collateral effect of the 'handicapped' and malfunctioning means of public transport. Swearing to themselves or to others can have a painkilling effect on the sulky commuters who do not seem to find a cure other than fleeting words about somebody else's mother.

Crammed and packed buses are part of these phenomena. The poor bus drivers (with a sad look upon their faces, regretting the moment they got out of bed) cannot wait for this nightmare to be over. High temperatures do not make the commuter any comfier and we suddenly spot another problem that arises slowly but steadily: perspiration. Body odour is not solely responsible for this discomfort, for the peculiarities of this phenomenon which alters mood work in this way. Though sensory perception is at some point annulled, still moody commuters cannot wait for their stop to come.

Accomplishing the rough journey of arriving to work or to classes is only the beginning, you may still have to deal with your superiors who believe that by scolding you, you may be able to turn back time. 'Better late than never' seems to be just an antistress technique that will prevent you from having an unpleasant argument with the people who provide you with your bread and butter.

If you are an everyday commuter, then you must be familiar with the adventures that come hand in hand with taking the underground or the bus in the rush hour, the unexpected delays which prevent you from getting to work or to classes on time, and the frequent strikes that compel us to seek alternative routes (and even to arrive with sore feet after having twenty blocks non-stop). An everyday commuter is no less than a warrior, ready to face the challenges presented by the hazardous public transport; a boy scout who is always 'ready for the unexpected.'

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